Happy Days
Matt Nõmme

Wales is a shithole,

Croeso i Gymru
Welcome to Wales

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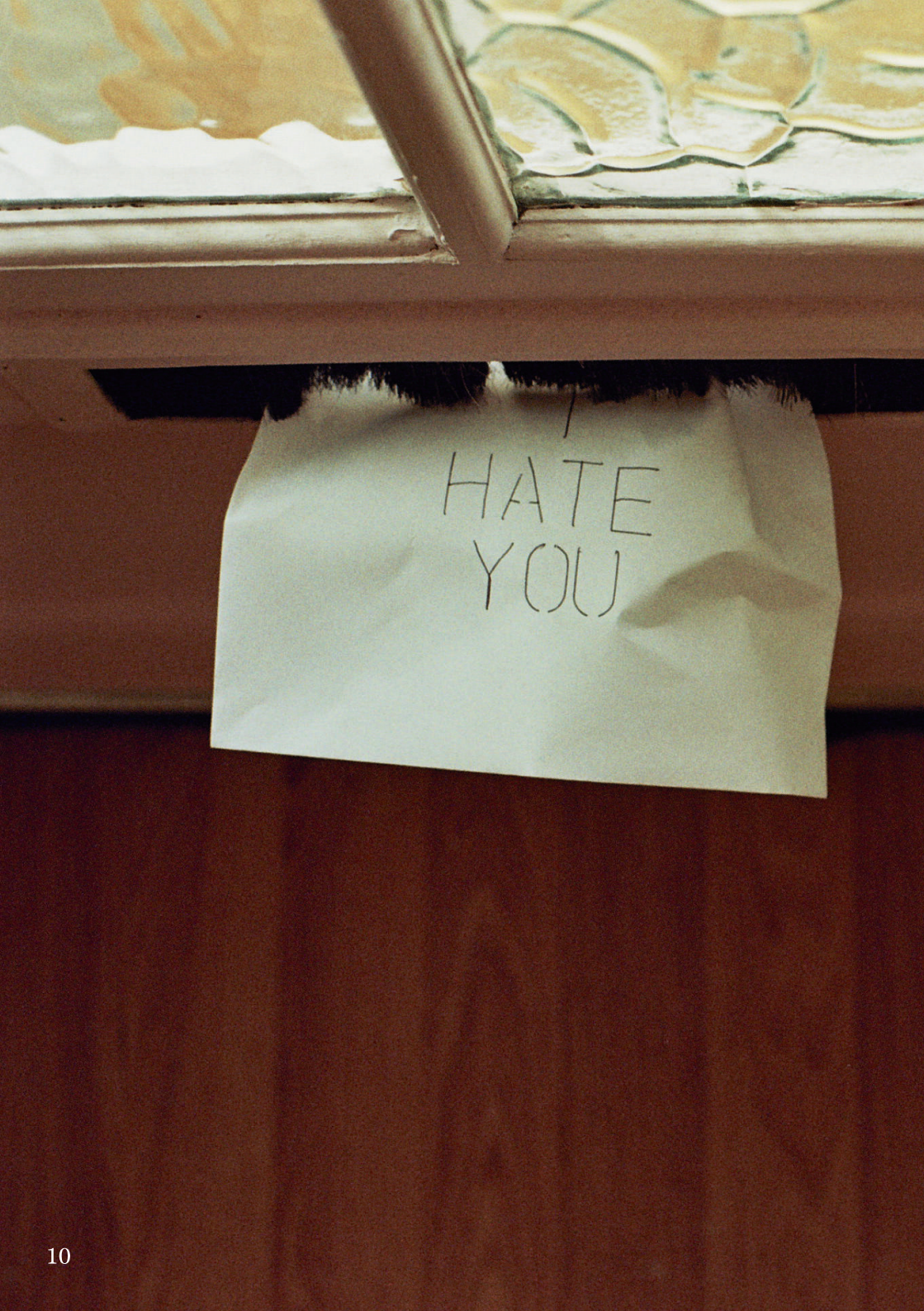
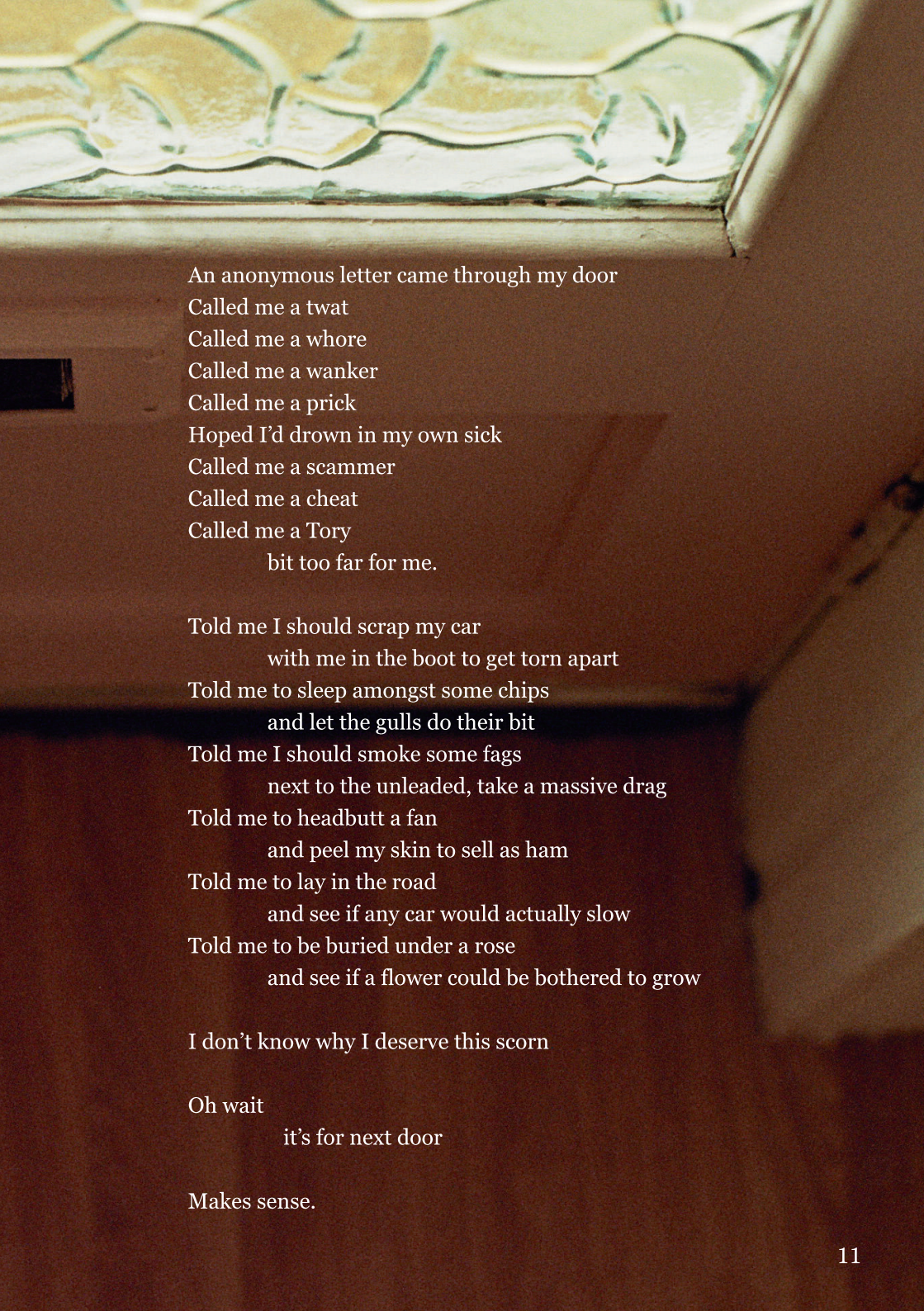
In the town of Llareggub
the Reverend Eli Jenkins
starts each day
with a prayer
for the people of his town.

I thought I'd start the same way.

A Prayer For The Suburbs

As the dawn begins to break
And as the dew evaporates,
As the suburbs begin their sprawl
And the blackbird begins his call,
As the children start to sing
And commuters rev engines,
As graffiti starts to dry
And as the council paints it white,
As the children run to school
And as some walk to look cool,
As the cats fight on the rooves
And as they inevitably will fall through,
As the footsteps beat en masse
And echo through concrete underpass,
As the gulls scoff cold fast food
And regurgitate burgers to their brood,
As the dealer does his rounds
And drops off at every house,
As the wind carries plastic bags
And lays them to rest on a branch,
As the people plug their ears
And listen to radio host's sneers,
As the river reeks really rank
And bog roll scatters along the bank,
As the postwoman strains her calves
And dreams of her other half,
As the rain brings floods this way
And the rats come up my drains,
As the kids all play as strays
And as they stray til end of day,
Please bless us as we pray
For this neighbourhood today.


I
HATE
YOU



An anonymous letter came through my door
Called me a twat
Called me a whore
Called me a wanker
Called me a prick
Hoped I'd drown in my own sick
Called me a scammer
Called me a cheat
Called me a Tory
bit too far for me.

Told me I should scrap my car
with me in the boot to get torn apart
Told me to sleep amongst some chips
and let the gulls do their bit
Told me I should smoke some fags
next to the unleaded, take a massive drag
Told me to headbutt a fan
and peel my skin to sell as ham
Told me to lay in the road
and see if any car would actually slow
Told me to be buried under a rose
and see if a flower could be bothered to grow

I don't know why I deserve this scorn

Oh wait
it's for next door

Makes sense.

He's Leaving Cos She's Got Cancer

"Cook! Clean! Put out the bins!"
He calls out but there's no answer
The rota's now down to him
He's leaving cos she's got cancer

He heard her gassing on the phone
About a fortune from the paper
How he'll be left all alone
He's leaving cos she's got cancer

Bitter tears down the pub
Mourning his freedom over
A shallow pint of empty love
He's leaving cos she's got cancer

But zodiac killer's done this crime
He's divorced her without a clue
This tumour's annually benign
Her birthday's 28th of June

I've Got A Crap New Haircut

Tied to a chair by a bleach blonde butcher
Hacking at my head, shaving at my future
This barber fell out the back of a van
Now I've got a crap new haircut

This ten quid gamble was a fold
He's blow dried me out into the cold
Banished to Queen Street donning a bowl
Another world blunder to behold

A woman asks if I've been attacked
I push past avoiding eye contact
Cos no hair gel can hide the fact
My hair was cut with a cricket bat

A policeman asks "who did this crime?
Was your hair cut by a fuckin mime?
Someone's going to have to do some time
Cos you look like a tragic nursery rhyme"

Please wash out the Novichok
Hide this war crime with a top knot
There's been a massacre to this mop
All is lost

Cos I've got a crap new haircut

China grown bamboo
Ikea bought bamboo
In my house dies bamboo

87 Fag ends by a back door

15 were smiled through
in the early hours on the phone to a long-lost friend
1 was smoked half through
rushing out for a meal which they had to attend
2 were laughed through
on an icy night watching cars slide
9 were cried through
on a summer's mourning after a family member died
2 packs were chained through
with mum they mapped out the family tree
1 was puffed through
while trying to save a struggling bumble bee
Every night they smoke two
in an affair with the neighbour's cat
Every morning starts anew
with a cigarette they're quietly sat

In this House of Commoners

The seats are upholstered in leatherette
from world war fuckin two.
Lead pipes poisoning the roof
are falling bastard through.
Parents are shagging in the corridor
pretending they're divorced.
Buffet out the back of a lorry
from a food bank forecourt.
Whitey on the bathroom floor
in cocaine haze.
Weeks indistinguishable
from never ending daze.
The landlord's brought emulsion
to cover the mildew.

In this house of commoners
the party's here for you.

I hear them chewing plasterboards
I hear them climbing cavity walls
they haunt the space between my floors
my house is a rat maternity ward

One chewed through the upstairs mains
the lights don't work I'm going insane
I've got piss on my feet cos I can't aim
in the dark I hear them crawl

We couldn't find one that died
our attic filled with a thousand flies
you could hear the roof buzz from outside
another plague another horde

I put a camera in the attic
it caught them shagging in the static
these rodent pornos are traumatic
they've broken half a dozen laws

I can't tell where they come from
I've filled every crack they could spawn
how much longer could this go on
my house is a rat maternity ward

My Neighbour As He Mows His Lawn

A desert of green
brings tears to my eyes
it's so neat and clean

Bi-weekly I preen
and leave to my wife
my house to clean

In the summer there'll be
barbeque at mine
BYOB

But if you and Steve
laugh into the night
I'll call the police

To the neighbours I preach
remove weeds from your life
or house values decrease

And tenants hear me
if your garden's not right
to your landlord I'll speak

On commutes I beam
at this chessboard of dreams
paved with never-ending
concrete and green

Scantily Clad

Every day when she's home alone in her drawers,
the cladding workers would wolf whistle and gawp.
She came up with a plan and bought an air horn..

The next day she flashed her bits,
A builder pursed his lips,
And the air horn she clicked,

PAAAAAAAAAAAAARP!

The fucker fell the full 7 floors,
his beer belly whistled as he became a corpse,
even the birds were scared to whistle anymore.

Now she finds her peace,
living in her briefs,
up on the 7th floor.

Shoe Tossing

He moved to a new house
and wanted the neighbours to know he's a dealer
so he tossed a couple of shoes on the telephone wires outside.

People started to knock
asking to pay him for a good time.
Turns out tossing shoes means something different in this neighbourhood.

But he was a man of business
shagged the whole street within a week.

Dogshit
£75

BAG IT
BIN IT
£80

YN Y BAG
YN Y BIN
MEU EFALLAI BYDD RHAID TALU
BAG IT
BIN IT
OR FACE PAYING
£100
KCT
KEEP CADWCH
CARDIFF CAERDYDD
TIDY YN DACLUS
CARDIFF
CAERDYDD

A symbol of Britain
so very apt,
Immensely inbred
talks out its ass,
Face so squished
speaks only in gasps,
Disposed by its owners
after next heart attack,
Greed breeds this poor soul
for some quick cash,
Puppies are littered
fly-tipped on tarmac,
While Mum weeps in a kennel
surviving on scraps,
A symbol of Britain
so very apt.

heart of
valleylines.co.uk
Valley Lines

Perygl
Gwifrau byw isod
Danger
Live wires below

Flat Pennies

Summers were spent squashing pennies on train tracks.
We'd place a penny on the rail
and wait for the TING
of a train moulding metal.

They put up a sign
£10,000 for trespassing on the tracks
but we still flattened pennies.

They put up a camera to catch us
and we squashed our parents bank accounts too.

Taff Trail
Taith Taf
8
Pontcanna

Enter Place Name Here

Those people from _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ aren't ok
I swear they evolved in a different way
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ sapiens scientists say
Crawled out the Earth from another place

Take the average _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ man
The afterbirth from god's masterplan
While _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ women are what you find
In a taxi footwell after a fifty quid fine

Pigeon's in _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ jump off buildings
But don't even bother to flap their wings
Trees don't blossom, blackbirds don't sing
They only hum depressing Anglican hymns

Every building in _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ is haunted by ghosts
But the ghosts are more scared of the local folk
And those folk are convinced that my hate is a joke
But this hate ain't general, it's bespoke

So anyone who thinks I'm speaking out of turn
Or doesn't think _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ is quite a turd
Or a local where _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ is their world
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ is a synonym for scourge

Nepotism, Baby.

Did your great-grandad own an island?
up to his neck in slavery
his booty's now in your Cayman trust fund
let's do some nepotism baby

Is your uncle producing a movie
and you fancied yourself on a silver screen
put on your best regional accent
and cry about middle class misery

Your mum's friend is a law firm partner
and tells the board your promising
you'll soon believe you're a self-made martyr
posting "work smarter, not harder" on LinkedIn

Auntie's a member of the local council
and the cash flow's low on your shoe shop
you give pleather discounts to her daughter Avril
out of the sky a business grant drops

Dad's firm sponsors the football team
and gets you on the radar of the coach
you turn up in a full kit that gleams
and show off, even know there's no hope

It's not a problem, you're well meant
the others are just cry babies
they don't need to know about the mansion in Kent
let's do some nepotism, baby.

OPEN
GET UNLIMITED SOCIAL MEDIA
OPEN
AVAILABLE HERE
SGÔR HYLENDID BWYD
FOOD HYGIENE RATING
0 1 2 3 4 5
18+
BUY HERE
SOUTH WALES POLICE
Licensing Department
Challenge 21
If you appear to be
UNDER THE AGE OF 21
You will be asked to
PROVE YOU ARE OVER 18
LET'S GO SHOP SMALL
SHOP SMALL SAFELY
no dogs allowed
except guide dogs
YODEYMA
Trustpilot
£12.00
£19.20
£4.95
Heineken
Heineken
THATCHERS
Haze
LOTTO
Pet
foo
The
Pet Food
brand!

ANGER LAND

Dawn breaks in Anger-Land
Grab some popcorn hang a man
Every college's an anchor-man
Suits from fleet street second-hand
They're going after next door's nan
Who once got paid cash in hand
Or rocked suspension of a van
Or got the dole and a tan
Next page
Smoking's banned.

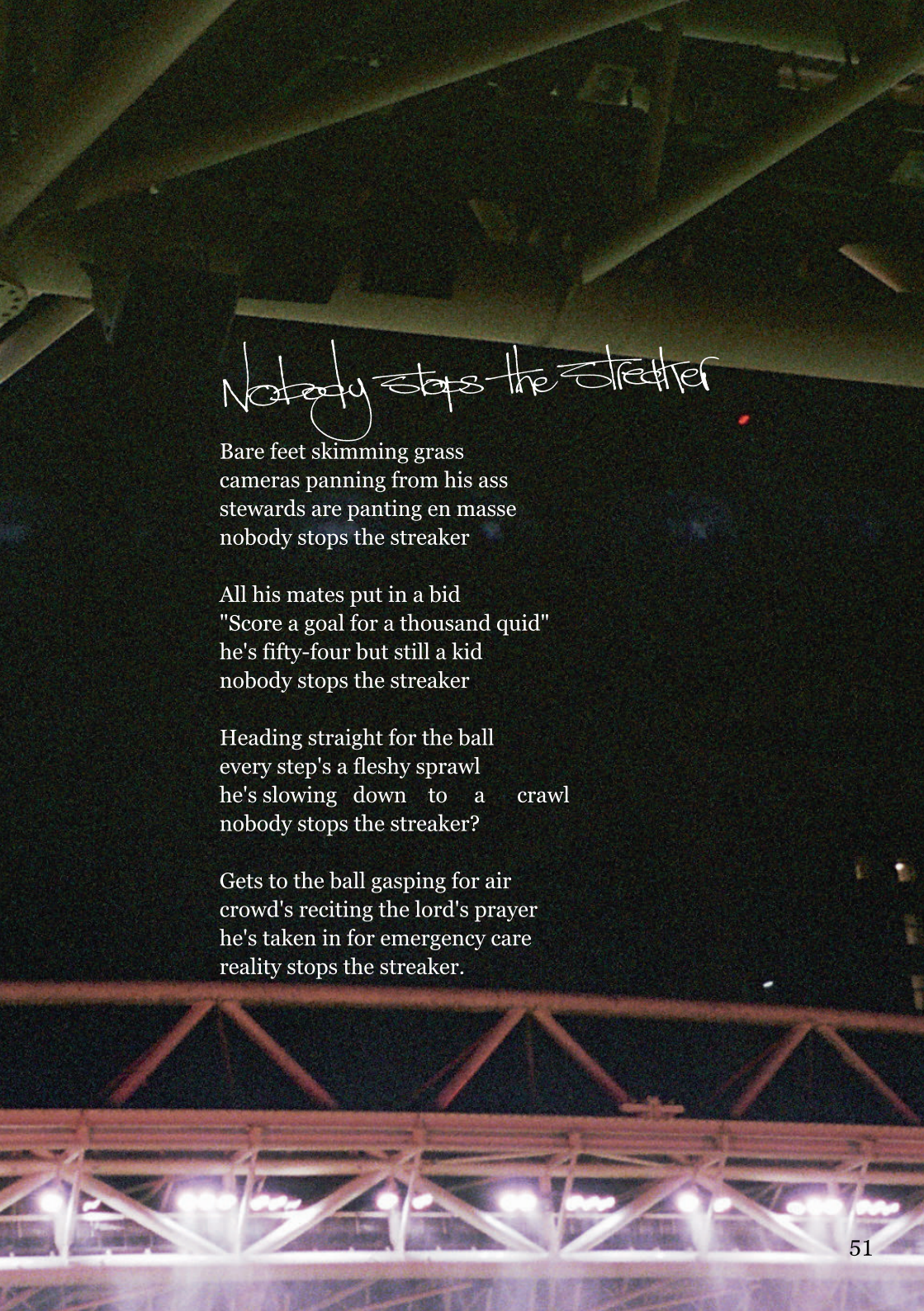
Midday sun in Anger-Land
Chip shop paper cuts and a twat tan
Greasy fingers make scrabble hands
Leave psalms on lager cans
Keep them calm like lager can
Or yoke them up in a frying pan
For 50p on a news stand
With a thugs mug and
Dick Dastardly plan
Next page
Strawberry flan.

Dusk is dawn on Anger-Land
Sky is black with sunlit hands
They're gurning at another clan
Living in a La La land
Famished fights that's the plan
Family feuds are going ham
While Bambi's starving in a pram
Murdered by the lack of man
Next page
Someone's nan.

TWO GUYS
TWO GUYS
5
5
Additional Parking
Exit at Rear

FIVE GUYS
FIVE GUYS
FIVE GUYS
FRESH
TWO GUYS
BURGERS
& FRIES

RHINO DIRECT
RHINO DIRECT
GULLIVERSTRAVEL.CO.UK
Gteach
Gteach
Gteach
Gteach
Gteach
LUCAS OIL



Nobody stops the streaker

Bare feet skimming grass
cameras panning from his ass
stewards are panting en masse
nobody stops the streaker

All his mates put in a bid
"Score a goal for a thousand quid"
he's fifty-four but still a kid
nobody stops the streaker

Heading straight for the ball
every step's a fleshy sprawl
he's slowing down to a crawl
nobody stops the streaker?

Gets to the ball gasping for air
crowd's reciting the lord's prayer
he's taken in for emergency care
reality stops the streaker.

I CUT YOUR
BRAKES
60
60
60

She hacked into the motorway sign and wrote
"I cut your brakes"

She wanted to hear screeching brake pads
She wanted to feel the bang of bumpers crumpling
She wanted to make a tangible difference to something

She got people pointing
She got people laughing and taking photos
She got people taking a break from their monotonous commutes

"BLOODY KILLJOYS"
She shouted

My back is fuckin fucked

My cartilage is sacrilege
This bony bridge a ridged ridge
Suspension snaps if I move a smidge
My back is fuckin fucked

My spine and springs are intertwined
I drown in whines and cry in wine
A vicious vine shaped like Welsh coastline
My back is fuckin fucked

My mates are twats when at my gaff
Named me Richter for a laugh
Cos this back cracks on the seismograph
My back is fuckin fucked

There's no end to this bend
A u-bend no plumber can mend
You can't amend all life's dividends
My back is fuckin fucked

My Father-in-law's Transfriend

"One of my old school mates used to be a man but is now a woman.
I saw her walking down the street,
do you know what she looked like?"

"She looked happy."

Life as a carer.

I'll smile tonight
and cry by the morning
then tomorrow night
I'll smile again for them

Battering it bloody down.
Splashback off the filthy ground.
Sweating in . polyester mack.
Gales . attack me from . the back
Shoes . so full they need a drain.
It's
raining
in.
Wales
again.

You've Entered The...

No drone
zone

No drone
zone

You've entered the no drone zone

Lob a dead pigeon over the wall
In the no drone zone
Stuffed to the brim with Adderall
In the no drone zone
Catapult some Xannie Bars
In the no drone zone
Aim it at your mate's cell bars
In the no drone zone
Burrow a tunnel for your gear
In the no drone zone
The screws will have no idea
In the no drone zone
Shove some dope up your arse
In the no drone zone
Then make sure you hold in that fart
In the no drone zone
Ferment oranges and drink the hooch
In the no drone zone
Beware of botulism from that juice
In the no drone zone
Hide that phone by your prostate
In the no drone zone
If it's your kink, set to vibrate
In the no drone zone

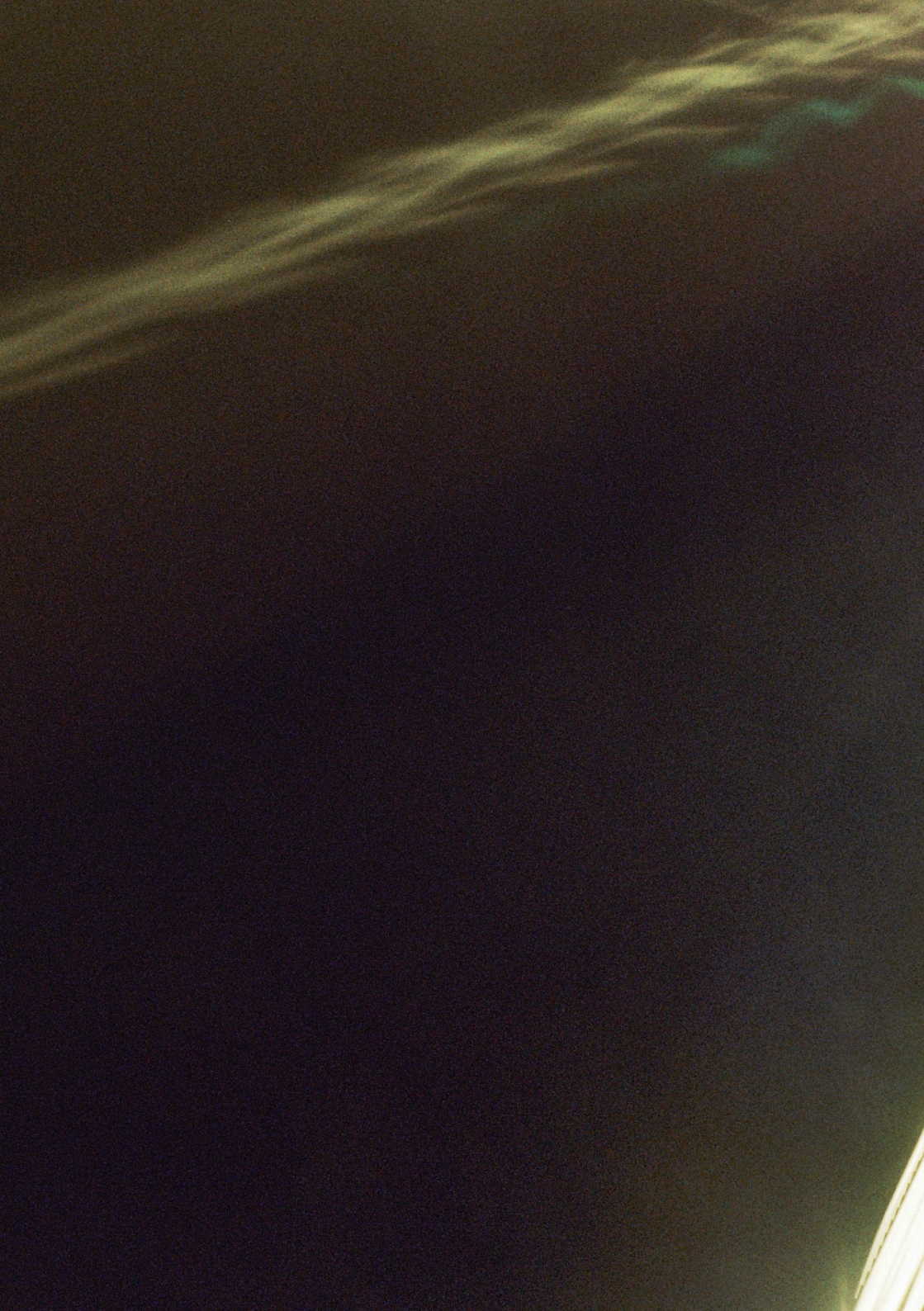
While His Majesty's Prison is your home
None of your dope can be flown
But a bag of blow is only a stone's throw
When you're living in the no drone zone

I've been Referred by the GP

I might be dying earlier than you
All of my organs are fuckin through
But I'm expedited past A&E
Cos I've been referred by the GP

They roll out the red carpet when
I've turned up at the hospital again
VIP IV Déjà vu
Patients are wondering "who?"

Organ failure brings allure
Wheelchair-bound without a cure
But at least when I knock on heaven's door
It ain't on the A&E floor

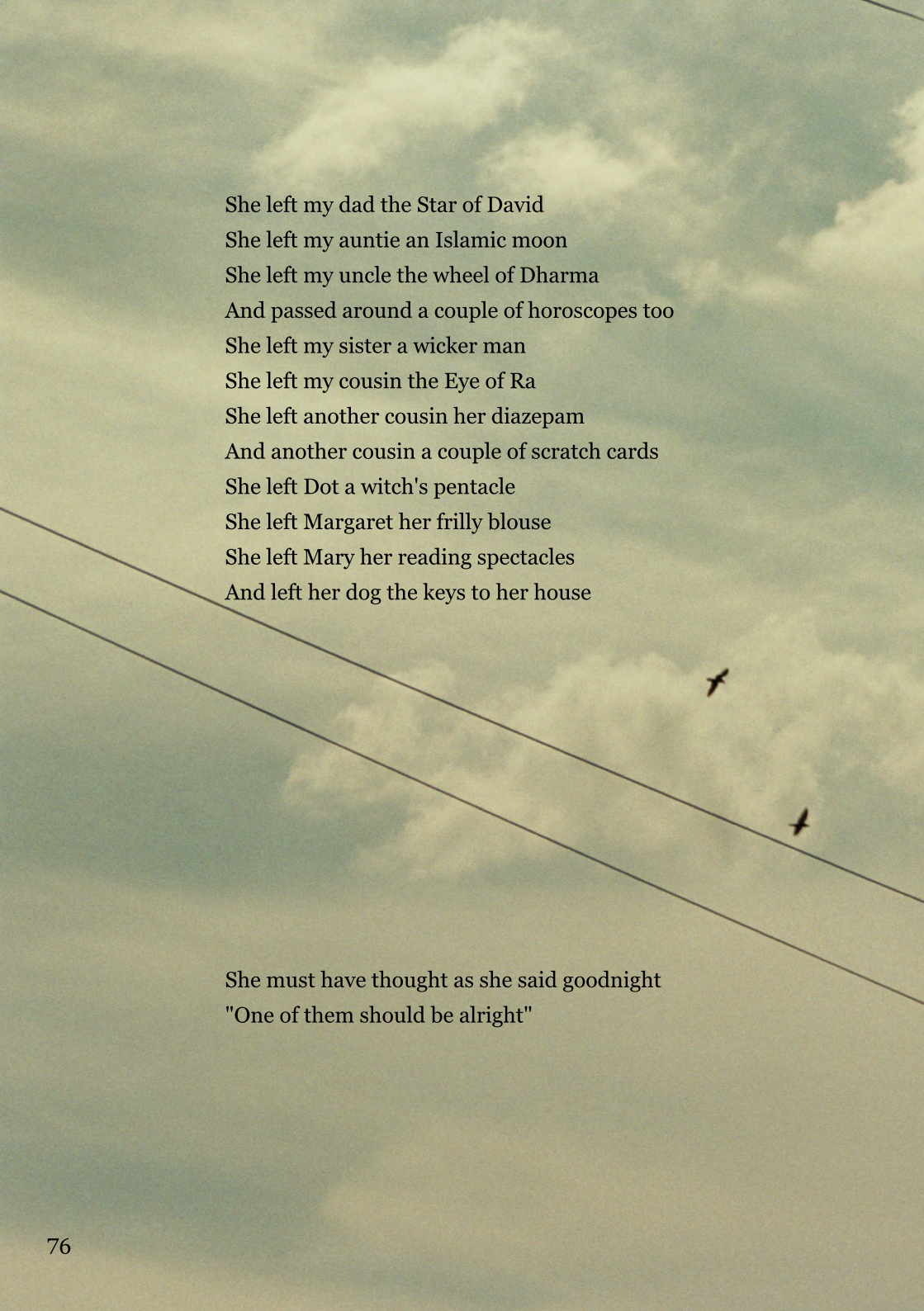


Afterlife Insurance

Before my nan died
She left some advice
"Have a cross by your side
At the end of your life

Just in case."

Well. it turns out...



She left my dad the Star of David
She left my auntie an Islamic moon
She left my uncle the wheel of Dharma
And passed around a couple of horoscopes too
She left my sister a wicker man
She left my cousin the Eye of Ra
She left another cousin her diazepam
And another cousin a couple of scratch cards
She left Dot a witch's pentacle
She left Margaret her frilly blouse
She left Mary her reading spectacles
And left her dog the keys to her house

She must have thought as she said goodnight
"One of them should be alright"

I learned how to cryonically freeze people.

At the training, I asked two people,

"What world would you
want to wake up in?"

These were their answers.

What world would you want to wake up in?

(one poem on two people's answers)

I wanna wake up in a world where I can ride a spaceship to the stars

I wanna wake up in a world where you aren't judged for who you are

I wanna wake up in a world where I can shoot a laser gatling gun

I wanna wake up in a world where people don't suffer for other's fun

I wanna wake up in a world where I can drift hover cars around a track

I wanna wake up in a world where working doesn't break your back

I wanna wake up in a world where food appears from thin air

I wanna wake up in a world where people love and people care

I wanna wake up in a world where I can visit cities in the sky

I wanna wake up in a world where crops don't wilt until bone dry

I wanna wake up in a world where I make love with robots every night

I wanna wake up in a world where my grandkids are doing alright

My brother Sam was 13 when he died, he got cancer

I remember bringing you home and you were scared
of the rabbit.
I remember being jealous because everyone loved you
but goddamn you were cute.
I remember that time you took a shit in the hallway
when dad was fixing the bathroom.
I remember when our parents got divorced,
we'd sneak into the same bed and pretend everything was ok.
I remember getting into fights with strangers by the brook
and we were the greatest tag team.
I remember growing older, going out with friends,
not seeing you as often.
I remember moving out.

I remember I wasn't there the day you died.

Cradled by mum
Heaven was a magnolia ceiling
Until the world went astray.

Mum still has your ashes
A fugitive in a small wooden box under her bed
Refusing to foster her child to mother nature.

Every year
Another Christmas with one less mouth.

Around the table
A minutes silence
Until mum says.

"That's the best labrador we ever had"

W¢les, 1999

"Dad, why do you have to pay money to drive from England into Wales?"

"Heaven isn't free kid."

I love this shithole.